



punch



OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

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Charivaria

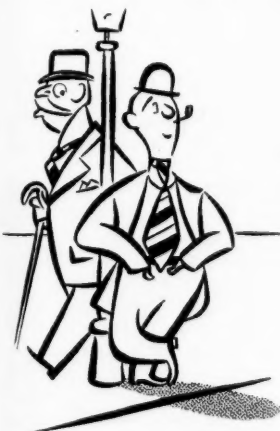
"It is not good for a man to keep too much to himself," states a psychologist. The income-tax authorities are said to share this view.

A seven-year-old boy ventriloquist is appearing in American music-halls. We understand he sits on the dummy's knee.

An American correspondent says that the area of occupied France may be extended in the near future. Meanwhile the area of unoccupied Germany is being considerably increased by the R.A.F.

Our Cynical Advertisers

"To MOTORISTS.—Passengers to whom you give a life would willingly give something to GUY'S HOSPITAL. Will you carry a box? —Appeal Secretary, London Bridge, S.E.1."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*



"Now that the war has placed men more or less on the same level," declares a gossip-writer, "I am afraid the end of the Old School Tie is in sight." Never if it is neatly tied.

The Stefani Agency calls on Italians to avoid everything British. For instance, H.M.S. *Ajax*.

Herr HITLER has promoted Dr. SCHMIDT, his interpreter, to be a Minister. It is Dr. SCHMIDT of course who tells the FUEHRER what he has been talking about.



The German Army is at present the best customer for French champagne. The German Navy sticks to port.

Waffles and Sundaes?

"About 2,650 children have been sent overseas under the evacuation scheme and are being cared for in new homes where they will continue to swell until the war is over."—*New York Times.*

"HITLER is crying for the moon," we read. The poor fellow is probably only anxious to liberate it.

We understand there is some talk of the Italian Navy being recommended for the Nobel Peace Prize.

An effigy of "this man" in an East Anglian field acts as a scarecrow. Local children have been cherishing a fond hope that an incendiary bomb would hit it on the evening of November 5th.



A Bassoonist's Warning

WHENEVER I am questioned about my experiences in the last Great War I always feel vaguely uncomfortable. It is not that I have anything to be ashamed of; I am merely afraid that my questioners, either through lack of sympathy or through being stone deaf, or both, may not understand. But nowadays when so many men are in uniform, learning to use a rifle for the first time, I feel that it is fitting—perhaps it is even my duty—to tell the truth at last.

The outbreak of war in 1914 found me—as it found so many other inhabitants of this beloved country of ours—in England. Within twenty-fours I was at the recruiting centre, within a week I had enlisted in the East Dorsetshire Light Infantry, and within a fortnight I had been called to the colours. I found my new life at Puddinghurst Camp pleasant enough. The discipline was rigorous, the drill unintelligible, the food execrable. Yet a spirit of comradeship pervaded all. There were all sorts and conditions of men in my squad—water-diviners, gumshoe-manufacturers, sauce-chefs, coat-hanger-designers, conjurers and contortionists. I got on splendidly with them all. Only one thing was lacking. There were no musicians. And apart from a few bugles, there appeared to be no musical instruments in the camp.

I should explain that in civilian life my interests were chiefly musical. In my own little circle I had a considerable reputation as a bassoonist, and a social evening in my little studio in West Kensington was seldom complete without a rendering of "In Cellar Cool" or "The Torturer's Song" from *Zampa*. It can be imagined that, completely cut off from music as I was, I pined for the sound of a bassoon as many men pined—not altogether in vain—for a glass of beer.

That was the beginning of my undoing. For one evening while I was cleaning my rifle I suddenly fell into a day-dream. The shouts and laughter going on all round me, the eager conversations about William Blake or the influence of Calderon on the Restoration Drama, faded from my ears. I looked at my rifle through half-closed eyes. It reminded me of something. Unthinkingly I removed the ratchet, the gudgeon-pin and the back-sight, and put them back in the wrong places. I was reminded of something still more strongly. What was it? In a fever of

excitement I took my rifle entirely to pieces and put it together again in a completely different way. Now I knew what I had done. My rifle was no longer a rifle. It was to all intents and purposes a bassoon. It had three notes missing in the upper register and one note slightly flat in the middle register. But that was nothing. Silence fell on the room as I played very softly "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," and followed it up, *fortissimo*, with the "William Tell Overture."

There was no sleep for me that night and very little for my fellow-soldiers. In the morning, long before reveille, I had turned my bassoon back into a rifle again. So it went on. I was the happiest man in the world. Not merely had I succeeded in doing something which had perhaps never been done before, but I had satisfied the deepest cravings of my nature. Moreover I had aroused the interest of my comrades in music. From a mild surprise, they passed through envy to emulation. Soon I was showing some of the members of my squad how they could turn *their* rifles into bassoons. Within a month they had all learned how to do it. Three or four had become very fair performers themselves.

We became ambitious. We formed a bassoon ensemble and spent all our leisure time in practice. Yet it can well be imagined that an orchestra consisting entirely of bassoons could not be fully satisfactory to a fastidious ear. I began to wonder whether, if a rifle could be so easily turned into a bassoon, it could not equally well be turned into a clarinet, an oboe, or even a 'cello. I made experiments. But before I had achieved anything Fate suddenly intervened.

One night we had all been up very late playing Gems from the Operas. Being tired, we decided to leave our rifles in the form of bassoons until the morning. We should have plenty of time, we thought, to change them back again then. But we were wrong. Next morning there was great excitement in the camp. A notorious spy called Kurt Schnurrbart had been caught in disguise and sentenced to death. He was to be shot immediately. I and my fellow-musicians were told off as a firing-squad.

There was nothing to be done. All excuses, delays, feignings of nervous headaches or hangovers were in vain. The dreadful drama took its course. The spy was blindfolded and placed

against a wall. We took up our positions. Captain Snorter stood by to give the word of command. Presently it came: "Fire!"

But instead of the grim voice of Death, there came a burst of entrancing melody. Unconsciously we slid into the first movement of Bierwasser's Third Symphony. For a few moments we played on, enraptured, unthinking. Then the music faltered. Captain Snorter had turned black in the face. It was as though a bottle of Indian ink had been flung over him.

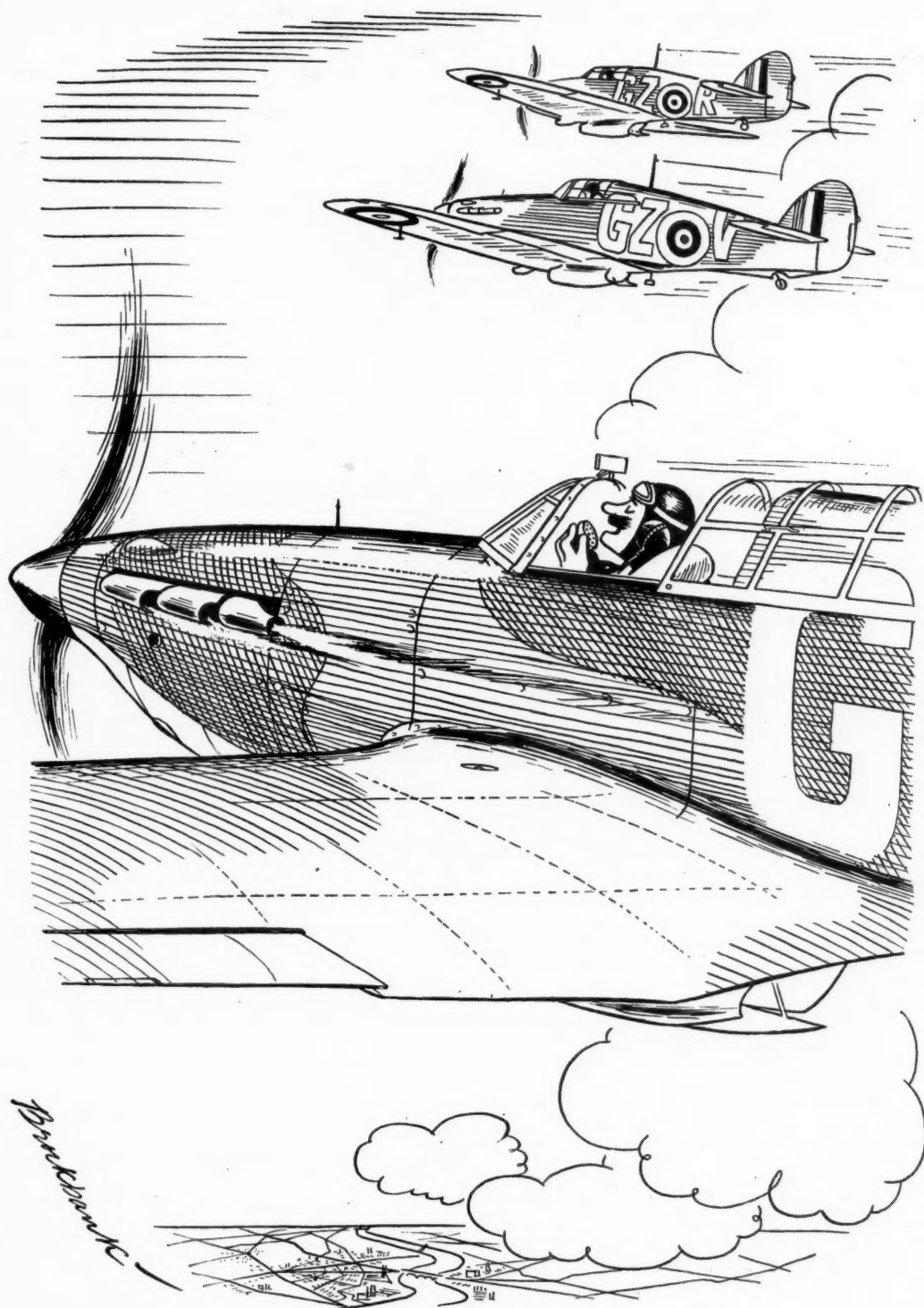
For a dreadful moment there was silence. I found myself wishing that the earth would gape open and swallow everything up. It would probably have done so if at that moment the Colonel had not ridden up furiously on his bicycle, waving a paper in his hand.

"Stop!" he shouted. "There's been a mistake! This man isn't Schnurrbart at all!"

So it proved. The supposed spy was a victim of mistaken identity. In reality he was a Mr. Sutcliffe from Manchester, a traveller in rubber bands, paper-clips and blotting-paper, who, rather indiscreetly, had been loitering about the camp in an attempt to sell his wares.

Thus, as it happened, we had been the means of saving an innocent man's life, and for this of course we were all granted commissions immediately. However, in the interests of discipline our offence could not go altogether unpunished. We were transferred from the Army to the Navy and ordered to serve for the remainder of the war in a submarine. It was hoped that any repetition of our offence would thus be rendered impossible. And as a matter of fact it was only when the war was over and it was too late to put the idea into practice that I realized how easily a submarine could be converted into a cinema organ.

Now that we are at war again I often think of those days. I have told the truth about my war service very largely as a warning to young recruits, especially wood-wind players. Even the most musical will admit that such practices, if persisted in, might seriously impede our war effort. But when lasting peace reigns again I shall know how to apply my discoveries. There will be no question of beating our swords into ploughshares. Though they deserve no such consideration, I warn the unmusical, here and now, to make themselves scarce.



"... 'Borough of Grimstone' calling 'Metal-Workers' Guild' and 'Ethels of the Empire.'"

Bonfire

UNDER the leaves of autumn falling late,
 Relics of chivalry from ancient time,
 Wrecks of her honour trodden into slime
 By the dark spoiler, and obliterate,
 We set this light because she was so great.
 And up from it the wisps of smoke shall climb,
 Dreams of old faith and memories sublime.
 She shall not always brood upon her fate
 Nor kneel for ever to the tyrant's power,
 The flame is burning inward and is deep
 And out of it the tongues of flame shall leap
 To overset her bondage, lance by lance,
 And pierce the ruins of her death, and shower
 The sparks of Freedom on the front of France.

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Never Laughed So Much . . .

THE match-box began to buzz and quiver like an angry insect, and the reporter dropped it as if stung. The stout ruddy man he had come to interview was much amused. "That always works," he chuckled. "Look at that, that's another." He placed a small disc of tin on the table. The reporter cautiously put out a finger, but before he could touch it the disc sprang two feet into the air with a loud ping, and he started back.

"The simplest things!" roared the stout ruddy man. "They never fail!"

The reporter looked at him sourly. "That's your conclusion, Mr. Tobago," he suggested, "after a lifetime of practical jokes?"

"Yes," Mr. Tobago said. "You can quote me as saying that. Not that the elaborate ones don't go over too. I well remember once I overheard a lady say the only thing she ever drank by herself was Grand Marnier. 'I have a little sip all by myself,' she said. Well, do you know—"

"That isn't you, I suppose?" the reporter interrupted, jerking his head towards the window as an alert sounded.

"What?—oh, the sirens. No. A few months ago I did have an imitation one that I used to set off in the attic, but it's not worth it now. Nobody takes any notice . . . Well, I was telling you about this lady. Do you know what I did? I got a couple of fellers to drive lorries, one loaded with crates marked BEER and one loaded with crates marked WHISKY, and I got 'em to leave 'em outside her house and deliver a note addressed in big letters TO THE SOLITARY DRINKER. Well, she came out, and she called a policeman, and her maid got her apron caught in the gate—I tell you, I never laughed so much in my life."

The reporter produced a wintry smile.

"There was another good elaborate one," Mr. Tobago went on, "when the people round here were going to put up their repertory theatre. They decided on the site, and they were going to have it declared open by the Mayor. It wasn't very big. Well, the night before I roused up a few of the fellers, and we worked all night, and when everybody turned up next day for the opening ceremony what did they find?" said Mr. Tobago. "Ha! they found the whole site planted with fine growing beetroot, and a wire fence round

it and a notice TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. There was a new young policeman on duty there and he got severely reprimanded for trying to stop the Town Clerk climbing over the fence. We were all there watching, but 'They'll never find out who did this,' I said to the fellers, 'as sure as my name's Trinidad N. Tobago!' Never laughed so much in—"

"Tell me, Trinidad N. Tobago wouldn't be your real name?"

"It is now," said the stout ruddy man, beaming. "I changed it by deed poll. For fun. You should have seen my wife's face when she heard that thenceforth she was to be Mrs. T. N. T.! Never laughed so much in my life!"

"She hasn't your sense of humour, then?"

"Nothing like it. Nor my daughter either—she thinks of nothing but dress. You probably saw her as you came in—dressed like a stray bridesmaid. . . . She always is dressed like a stray bridesmaid. One of these *smart* girls," said Mr. Tobago with distaste. "One day she wore a hat with a little sort of fireman's ladder on it. Another day her hat looked like a mound of oysters with a lump of ice on top. Another day her hat had a great lump of some yellow shiny stuff on it, looked like a piece of cheese. I found that one lying on her dressing-table and do you know what I did?" Mr. Tobago laughed heartily. "I took the lump of stuff off and put on a *real* piece of cheese! Never laughed so much in my life! . . . But she noticed that before she put the hat on," he added in a disappointed tone.

"Pity."

"She was very annoyed," recalled Mr. Tobago. "No more sense of humour than a pigeon."

For some time there had been bangs outside, and at this point a bomb fell quite close. Confusion prevailed for some moments. A dishevelled maid rushed into the room and found Mr. Trinidad N. Tobago lying stunned on the floor surrounded by bits of the ceiling. The reporter, covered with dust, was writing on the margin of his newspaper, but he looked up for a minute to explain: "A piece of plaster the size of Australia fell on his head."

Looking down again at his paper, he added in a low voice, "Never laughed so much in my life."

R. M.

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Lament for Macdonal

I WILL lament Macdonal though he was no kith nor kin:
 I'll follow to the churchyard where he was taken in,
 I'll have my footstep on the grass and my shadow on
 the stone,
 And grieve there for Macdonal secretly and alone.

For he was a wind about the glen, a wild wing in the sky:
 Oh, what a loneliness in the world since he no more goes by!
 Aye, there's a loneliness in the land, a hunger on the sea;
 And I could weep for Macdonal though he was no kin to me.

Nay, I will call the mighty birds from the crags that gave
 them birth,
 And the four great winds from the corners of the earth,
 The little horned moon from her peeping in the cloud:
 These shall lament Macdonal and cry his name aloud;

And I will bid the forest trees, the stony mountain rills,
 The cold black thunder plunging in and out the hills,
 The flying raiding lightning with its plume of silver spears—
 These shall lament Macdonal, and not a woman's tears.



"FREE" RIDES FOR ALL

"Going my way, guv'nor?"

"Maybe, but I'd rather keep on walking for the present."

Misleading Cases

What is a Rowing Boat?

(Greenwich Women's Rowing Club v. Haddock)

A POINT of high importance to mariners was discussed, if not decided, in the Admiralty Court to-day. The action arose out of a collision between a ladies' eight and a motor-boat navigated by Mr. Albert Haddock.

After a long learned argument the President, Sir Thomas Bowline, said: "This case raises a question which, so far as I know, has never come before a British court of law, and, but for the inconsiderate and loathsome conduct of the defendant, would not have troubled us now. But here it is, and it must be considered.

"The question, simply put, is: 'What is a rowing boat? What is the status of a rowing boat in the grand hierarchy of vessels known to the law; and what, in particular, are the duties of those who navigate or approach such a vessel in the open sea or upon tidal waters?' (There is no doubt, by the way, that before the law a rowing boat is a 'vessel,' however much the description may shock the practical mariner.)

"Now, in the Regulations for the Prevention of Collisions at Sea, one of the most celebrated, sound and vital codes of conduct in the English tongue, the relations and the duties (it would be wrong to say 'rights') of the various types of vessel are very clearly defined for almost every conceivable situation.

"A steam vessel,' for example, 'shall keep out of the way of a sailing vessel' where there is risk of collision (Article 20); and a steam vessel 'shall include any vessel propelled by machinery.' A sailing vessel which is close-hauled on the port tack shall keep out of the way of a sailing vessel which is close-hauled on the starboard tack (Article 17). Sailing vessels under way shall keep out of the way of fishing vessels (Article 26). Other regulations direct what lights shall be carried by trawlers, pilot boats, and even rowing boats (Article 7).

"In the Port of London River Bye-laws, which are additional to but not inconsistent with the General Regulations, there are special rules concerning lighters, barges, dredgers, vessels towing and towed, and so forth. Each class has its appointed signs and duties for all occasions, and under the Steering and Sailing Rules the master of any steam or sailing vessel who sights another knows at once (if he knows his business) which of the two has a duty to 'keep out of the way of' the other,

if necessary by altering course, and which, on the other hand, should maintain her course and speed. But he does not, from the Rules at least, know what he ought to do if he sights a rowing boat 'approaching him so as to involve risk of collision': for, except in the section governing lights, there is no mention of rowing boats, either in the International Regulations or in the Port of London River Bye-laws.

"This singular omission, especially in a river which is the scene of so much oarsmanship, has long been the cause of wonder and dispute among the mariners: but good sense has hitherto kept the discussion out of the courts. It will be convenient now to consider the perverse behaviour by which the defendant has brought it here to-day.

"The defendant, while navigating down Blackwall Reach on the ebb, saw a vessel rowed by eight ladies on his port bow. She was shaping a course obliquely across the river and was likely (if both vessels held on) to cross his bows at a short distance or to collide with him. Both vessels did hold on; there was a collision; the ladies were thrown into the water, and were extricated, one by one, by the defendant, a process which, he said in evidence, he greatly enjoyed. This deplorable comment, unfortunately, has no juridical significance, and the Court must reluctantly ignore it—that is, until the question of costs comes up.

"The rowing club sued Mr. Haddock for negligent navigation, causing the loss of their boat and some sickness among her crew. Mr. Haddock put in the impudent defence that a rowing boat counted as a steam vessel, and that in the circumstances the ladies ought to have kept out of his way according to Article 19 of the Regulations. It is perfectly true that if the eight had been in fact a steam vessel it would have been her duty to stop or alter course so as to avoid a collision, according to the old mnemonic lines:

*'If to your starboard red appear
It is your duty to keep clear.'*

"But is a rowing boat a steam vessel within the meaning of the Regulations? As I have said, they give us no clear guidance in such a case. It is difficult to accept the contention of defendant's Counsel, ably though it was argued, that an eight-oared rowing boat, at least, is 'a vessel propelled by machinery.' The plaintiffs, on the

other hand, say that a rowing boat is a sailing vessel, and therefore the defendant had an absolute duty to keep out of the way. One of the defendant's witnesses, a very ancient mariner, went even farther than the defendant. He said that there was a very good reason why the rowing boat was not mentioned in the steering regulations; that morally, the rowing boat did not exist, and practically the honest mariner was entitled to behave as if it were not there. It was a nuisance; it was a something nuisance; and, like the cat or dog, must look out for itself.

"I was not impressed by any of these opinions: and in the absence of precise guidance I must look to the principles upon which all these Regulations are founded. Why is it that the steam vessel, however mighty, must give way, must alter course, must stop her engines, must go astern, in order to avoid a collision with a sailing vessel, however small? Because the steam vessel has the greater power and ease of manœuvre. She can turn aside (at least in the open seas, though not in the Thames) without effort or danger, where the sailing ship, at grips with wind and tide, can not. Might has its duties as well as its privileges, we are fond of saying: and this Regulation is one of the finest applications of it to be found in our written codes of conduct.

"Now, if this be the principle, how is it to be applied to the present facts? How does an eight-oared boat, in power and progress, compare in fact with Mr. Haddock's motor vessel? On this point the defendant's evidence was clear, and I accept it. He says that his vessel is modestly equipped with two 9-horse-power engines and, being at least six tons (he does not seem to know exactly what his tonnage is), proceeds at most at about nine knots (with a good tide under him). Eight-oared boats, he says, whether driven by men or women, go past him with the utmost ease; and he reminded the Court that the University Boat Race, in a bad year, is rowed and won at the rate of about 12.75 land miles per hour. On these facts it seems impossible to say that the eight-oared boat (male or female) is a kind of Cinderella, requiring special privileges. She has more power than Mr. Haddock, not less; she draws very little water; she is steered by a skilled coxswain. In many

situations she might well have more ease and power of manœuvre than Mr. Haddock's more solid and cumbrous craft; and in fact, in the present situation, there is no doubt that by stopping or altering course she could without difficulty have avoided the collision. All these considerations inclined me strongly to the view that Mr. Haddock ought to succeed.

"But then, as counsel for the plaintiffs very properly reminded me, an eight-oared boat is not the only class of vessel 'under oars.' There is, for example, especially in London River, the great lighter, driving or drifting on the tide, and arduously steered by a single man with a single monstrous sweep. Here, it is obvious, Mr. Haddock, though he has eighteen horses only at his command, has the greater power of manœuvre and must, at his peril, keep out of the way.

"Where are we, then? If I found my general rule upon the nature of the eight-oared boat it must prove inapplicable to the lighter 'under oars': and *vice versa*; and between the two lies the ordinary small boat, propelled by oars or sculls, which, according to circumstances, may or may not be easily manœuvred. It is now, perhaps, a little more clear why the authors of the Regulations said nothing about

vessels under oars. It was too much for them.

"Like them, I decline to pronounce any general answer to the problem. Practically, on the facts of the case, I think that Mr. Haddock should succeed. But, morally speaking, I should be reluctant indeed to come down on the side of this ungallant mariner and contumacious litigant. Fortunately, the Regulations provide me with an honourable exit from this dilemma. I refer to Article 27. It is one of the merits of this austere code that it confers no rights upon anyone—only duties. Even the mariner whose duty it is in a given situation to maintain his course and speed, the other vessel giving way, is not thereby relieved of responsibility. For Article 27 ingeniously and admirably provides that he may still be wrong. That Article is headed 'SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES,' and says:

"In obeying and construing these Rules, due regard shall be had to all dangers of navigation and collision, and to any special circumstances which may render a departure from the above Rules necessary in order to avoid immediate danger."

"That Article, in my judgment, is

applicable in the present case, even assuming, as I do not in terms assume, that the plaintiffs were, in the first instance, at fault. I find therefore that Mr. Haddock was possibly right but practically wrong. Judgment, and every kind of costs, for the plaintiffs."

A. P. H.

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"A fellow-traveller in the train told me that similar conditions to those in Oxford are prevailing in the Lake district. My informant arrived in Kendal late one night and eventually was forced to spend the night in a police cell by courtesy of the local constabulary."

Daily Telegraph.

Even in poor old London cases of this sort still occur.

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"The Home Secretary is to be asked by Mr. R. R. Stokes (Lab., Ipswich) 'whether his attention has been called to the fine imposed at Lancaster on September 28th on Thomas Eric Rowland Hazeldine, aged 22, a member of the Home Guard, of £2 for trespass and £10 for firing a rifle at a sitting grouse . . . and whether he will consider remitting this fine.'"
Daily Mail.

Fired at a sitting grouse! A friend of ours was turned out of the Home Guard for criticizing a standing grievance.



"Pass, friend."

At the Pictures

Rangers of Fortune (PLAZA)

MOST fashions in literature and the drama enjoy after their heyday a mild period of sunset and decline. The eighteenth-century novel of Gothic horror faded into the Victorian Christmas annual. Elizabethan tragedy became dubious Jacobean tragicomedy. This is the fate which seems to have befallen the Western film.

In days gone by, and not gone beyond recall, the machinery of the Western, even if it creaked, was well lubricated with blood and firewater. The plots perhaps were fairly well interchangeable, paleface for paleface, stockade for stockade, one cleanshaven jaw for another, and bad Indians for good, but they were never anything short of violent. Precipices were there to be ridden over, homesteads to be burnt down, and cattle to go mad and charge right into the screen and apparently over the heads of the audience.

The two latest cowboy films to be shown in London, *The Westerner* and *Rangers of Fortune*, illustrate the mellowing and gentle civilization of a tradition. The Westerners economize in powder and shot and dispense altogether with those confusing allies, the Indians; and the pepper-and-salt, or not quite white and not quite black, villain makes his appearance. The violent sentimentality, the passionate farewells to pale-faced heroines and white-nosed horses, have been replaced by elegant, and even urbane, courtships; indeed in *Rangers of Fortune* the unbelievable happens, and the hero is left without his sweetheart and, what is more, is made not to mind very much.

In *Rangers of Fortune*, however, as in so many American films of all kinds, the real hero is the printing press. FRED MACMURRAY, ALBERT DEKKER, and GILBERT ROLAND (by far the best actor of the three) ride one day into a Western town where a very white-haired, very persecuted and excessively honest old man, with the help of his thirteen-year-old daughter, is running a local newspaper which denounces vice and crime and is therefore unpopular with the bad men of the district. This newspaper is printed on a wooden hand-press in a wooden shanty, and you feel instinctively that it may be burnt down before the film is over. FRED MACMURRAY begins to help the honest old editor in a general way by distributing the newspaper and knocking down everybody who will not pay a dollar for it, and lighting the candles on the daughter's birthday cake.

Meanwhile a rather odd form of racketeering, which seems to consist of shooting dead anybody who rides into the town, is being organized by the proprietors of the local saloon. Above the saloon, in a garret hung with tapestries and candelabra, lives a suave-looking aristocrat in a stock and satin waistcoat, who spends the day either with folded arms or gently touching the keys of a piano—in short, the kind of person whom you would assume, if you came in half-way

chandelier, dispatches them in a very few revolver shots—I doubt, in fact, if they get one apiece. Meanwhile a charming sentimental surprise ending is in store, for the heroine, behind FRED's back, has been married to the comic inhabitant of the windmill.

How mild all this is! You know the old newspaper proprietor will be murdered anyway, you are relieved when his daughter is too, you are amused by watching the windmill go round, gently stirred by seeing the chandelier fall down, satisfied when the villains are all lying prone; and when you hear the wedding march and see the heroine in a cloud of white lace you know that the film is at an end. Nobody acts very well, but then nobody has anything very interesting to say. PATRICIA MORISON has very beautiful large eyes and FRED MACMURRAY has very beautiful teeth, and both use them to advantage. BETTY BREWER, who takes the part of the thirteen-year-old daughter, is a new cinema discovery and is said to represent perfectly the average American child. This she does adequately by looking and behaving very much like every other American child on the pictures.

It only remains to ask, like the melancholy characters in *The Seagull*—where are the horses? There are not enough of them, and those that there are move slowly. There should be thundering hooves, I think, even in this diluted Western. At the Plaza, however, it was preceded by the alarming and impressive Ministry of Information film, *London Can Take It*, and a ruthlessly cynical Popeye cartoon called *Women is a Miskery*. After these the audience were so deafened and so saddened that they were prepared to relish a very mild and undistinguished picture. P. M. K.



THE APPLE OF HER EYE

Squib BETTY BREWER
Gil Farra FRED MACMURRAY

through, to be JOHANN STRAUSS at the end of his career. In fact, however, this aristocrat is the leader of the gang, and the highest—though still mild—point of excitement is reached when he touches a hidden spring and brings the chandelier crashing down on FRED MACMURRAY's head. MACMURRAY has been confronting him with a number of crimes, which include murdering the honest old newspaper proprietor, shooting the daughter and, of course, burning down proprietor, daughter, printing-press and all by setting fire to the shanty. This holocaust means that there are really no characters left at all, except the three heroes, the heroine, who flirts charmingly behind the counter of the grocery store, and a comic character who lives in a windmill which rather contrary to expectation does not burn down at all. It is high time, then, that the bad men were brought to book, and FRED MACMURRAY, quite undisturbed by the

The Second Winter

HARD though the coming winter prove,
No harder will it be
Than our implacable resolve
And bitter constancy.

However long the dark days stretch,
Endless though they appear—
So to our foes will seem the point
Of our avenging spear.

Fun in the Far North

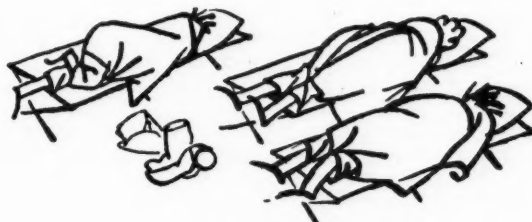
"The General's cocktail parties to the townspeople are a great success. The civil courts and courts martial co-operate helpfully."—From an article on Iceland.

Now that we're beginning to produce special air-raid ailments, no doubt we shall all soon be suffering from either—

gong-see



deck-chair spine—



or camp-bed foot—



and most of us will most certainly be suffering from tea-cup finger:

moreover, I'm afraid that a great many will fall victims to either—



crater-measurer's elbow or—



bomb-describer's throat;

nor, for the matter of that, will it surprise me terribly if one or two of us even—



succumb to Knowall's Neck.



"Yab, windy!"

Reprisals in Lambeth

"D'YOU notice anythin' strange about dad, Ma?" said Miss Tillie Pinkin, as her mother came into the living-room of 61, Cosham House, Lambeth.

Mrs. Pinkin eyed her husband who was trying to convert a post-prandial doze into a pre-warning sleep. "Well," she said, "I'm kinda used ter the scen'ry, but I s'pose 'e do look missin'-linkish, viewed impartial."

Mr. Pinkin opened one eye and gazed reproachfully at his wife. "Sleepin' Beauties get kissed an' woke up," he said. "Dame Nachure, reelisin' sleep's me fav'rit 'obby, 'as acted accordin'ly."

"Over-acted," said Mrs. Pinkin.

Tillie pressed her hand to her father's forehead. "Yerse," she said, "'e's got a tempritchure."

"You don't say!" said Mr. Pinkin. "I s'pose all these years I've bin wivout a atom of Farren'eat in me."

"Ow's your froat?" Tillie said.

"Dry," said Mr. Pinkin, without a moment's hesitation.

"Never known it not," said Mrs. Pinkin. "'Ow's 'is pulse?"

Tillie grasped her father's wrist and stared at the mantel-piece. Presently she sighed deeply. "Well," she said, "either our clock needs adjustin' or you've got a Bren gun in y'r pulse."

"Rubbidge!" said Mr. Pinkin. "Never felt better in me life."

"Ar," Tillie said. "Remember Mrs. Buffle, Ma?"

"Oo doesn't?" said Mrs. Pinkin sadly.

"I don't," said Mr. Pinkin. "'Oo is she?"

"Was," said Mrs. Pinkin, brushing a tear from her mind's eye. "Remember 'ow well she said she felt the day previous, Tillie? When I think of 'er I can't bear to."

"Now look," said Mr. Pinkin, "I'm a reas'nable man if ever there was one——"

"If ever there was one," said Mrs. Pinkin.

"Now, Ma," Tillie said. "Remember 'e's not 'imself."

"Then 'e 'as my 'earty congratulations," said Mrs. Pinkin.

"'E's a perspective patient," Tillie said. "Wouldn't surprise me if 'e developed a 'ole influenza epidemic on 'is own."

"Seein' you've failed y'r firs'-aid exam three times," said Mr. Pinkin acidly, "I reelise you're livin' in practic'ly the nex' road to 'Arley Street. Tchah!"

"'Ear that, Ma?" Tillie said. "'E's gotta chest."

"Wot's bes' for a ches'?" Mrs. Pinkin inquired.

"'E mus' go to bed immejit," Tillie said, "an' be waited on 'and an' foot."

"Now you're talkin'!" said Mr. Pinkin. "That's what I call puttin' the 'treat' in 'treatment.' I'll jus' wait till after me tea, an'——"

"But the germs won't," said Mrs. Pinkin. "Quicker at multiplication than ole Goebbels, they are. Of course if you'd rather peg out than 'ave me fuss you——"

Mr. Pinkin raised his hand to command silence. "Annie," he said, "I'm touched."

"Known that f'r years," said Mrs. Pinkin, "but I may's well try an' restore y'r bod'ly 'ealth. So orf ter bed, dreckly minnit."

Five minutes later Mr. Pinkin summoned his wife to the bedroom. "I'm settled in!" he shouted. "Bring me pipe an' the paper an'——"

Mrs. Pinkin came in and thrust a hot-water bottle between the bedclothes. "There," she said. "'Ot enough?"

"It's on'y grillin' me kidneys, that's all," said Mr. Pinkin. "Take the ruddy thing away!"

"Now, now!" Mrs. Pinkin said sharply. "D'you want a mouth-wash as well?"

"Wez me pipe?" said Mr. Pinkin.

"No smokin'," said Mrs. Pinkin, taking one of the pillows from under her husband's head.

"'Ow the 'ell can I read when me 'ead's 'orizontal?" Mr. Pinkin demanded.

"No readin'," said Mrs. Pinkin. "D'you want ter be one of them short-sighted noosances 'oo can't see beyond their own noses?"

"Like the Communists?" said Mr. Pinkin. "Don't be ridicakalus! All I'm askin' for is me pipe an' me paper, me on'y comforts in life."

"So I s'pose I'm jus' a pain in the neck," said Mrs. Pinkin. "There's gratitood for you! Some men don't deserve to be 'usbands."

"Come to that," said Mr. Pinkin, "some men don't deserve to be 'ung."

"Oh," said Mrs. Pinkin, "so you think bein' married's like 'avin' a rope round y'r neck."

"Well," said Mr. Pinkin, "they say no noose is good noose."

"If you don't watch out," said Mrs. Pinkin, "you'll 'ave somethin' worse than a cold."

"Can't you take a joke?" said Mr. Pinkin.

"Huh!" said Mrs. Pinkin. "I married you, didn't I?"

Tillie came in from the kitchen. "Drink for one," she announced gaily.

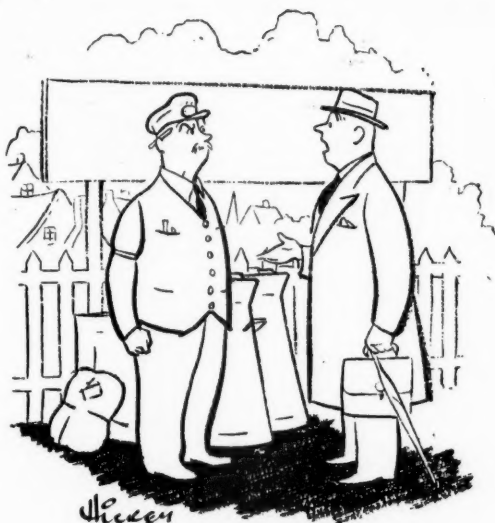
"Ta," said Mr. Pinkin, stretching his hand towards the glass. His face fell. "Wot the dooce is it?" he demanded.

"'Ot milk," Tillie said.

"'Ot wot?" said Mr. Pinkin.

"Milk," Tillie said. "Cows give it."

"An' glad ter get rid of it too, I bet," said Mr. Pinkin. "'Ot milk at my age!"



"How much longer do I have to live in this village before someone will tell me its name?"

"Ever 'ear of invalids 'avin' beer an' kippers?" Tillie inquired.

"I never 'eard of fathers of a fam'ly 'avin' the V.C.," said Mr. Pinkin, "but they deserve it."

"Drink it down quick," Tillie said. "You don't get no 'igh tea unless."

"Orl right," said Mr. Pinkin. "Mind you, I'm drinkin' it as med'cine, not as a bevridge. I still got me prinsaples." He drained the glass. "Wot's fer 'igh tea, anyway?" he inquired.

"Somethin' extry special," said Mrs. Pinkin.

"Sossidges?" said Mr. Pinkin.

"No," said Mrs. Pinkin.

"Fish crokeys?" said Mr. Pinkin, "wiv lashin's of sauce?"

"Naow!" said Mrs. Pinkin. "Bread-an'-milk."

Mr. Pinkin sank back in bed. "Ter think I thought air-raids wuz 'orribler than anythin'," he said. Suddenly his face brightened. "I s'pose," he said—"I s'pose if the sreen goes I'll 'ave ter pop inter the shelter wiv all the other permanent res'dents 'oo wish ter remain so."

"An' present a streamin' cold to the nation?" Tillie said.

"No, you an' the germs'll stay put."

"I'm on'y forty-six," Mr. Pinkin said sadly, "but I reckon another fifty years of this 'ere war'll make an old man outa me."

"Some men 'ud think theirselves lucky to be fussed round like they was the crown jools or a pound of butter," Tillie said. "Think 'e ought to 'ave another 'ot bottle now, Ma?"

"Over my dead body!" shouted Mr. Pinkin.

"Ar," Tillie said, "many a true word's spoke in jest."

"Feelin' okay, dear?" said Mrs. Pinkin, tucking her husband in as though she were packing him for export.

"Ow the 'ell can I feel okay if I'm ailin'?" Mr. Pinkin said. "The stoopid questions some wimmin ask you'd think they wuz opposition M.P.s."

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Pinkin. "You'll thank me for it when you're better."

"Wiv a 'earty laugh rattlin' in 'is froat, the patient expired," said Mr. Pinkin.

Then Mrs. Pinkin sneezed.

"Coo!" she said. "I 'ope I 'aven't caught your cold."

She sneezed again.

"You 'ave!" said Mr. Pinkin, with a note of resolution in his voice. He jumped out of bed and began to dress.

"Ere," said Mrs. Pinkin, "you can't git better before you're bad."

"Birds can't fly, neether," said Mr. Pinkin. "Come on, now! Inter bed! An' if you don't go volunt'ry you'll be put there forcible."

An hour later, when Mrs. Pinkin was alone for a few moments, Tillie went in to see her. "Well, Ma," she said. "It worked."

"Like a dream," said Mrs. Pinkin. "Yer dad's brought me a 'ot bottle ev'ry twenny minnits, 'e's fed me wiv bread-an'-milk, an' 'e jus' don't stop askin' if I feel okay. Funny part is, 'e thinks I'm 'atin' it."

"Ar," Tillie said. "Soon as you said you felt a cold comin' on I knoo somethin' 'ad to be done if 'e wasn't to expec' you to go on cookin' an' cetra as per usual."

"'E 'asn't got a cold comin', 'as 'e, though?" said Mrs. Pinkin anxiously.

"Ever 'ear of a brew'ry ketchin' cold?" Tillie said scornfully. "No, that wuz jus' imppropaganda to sting 'im into reprisals."

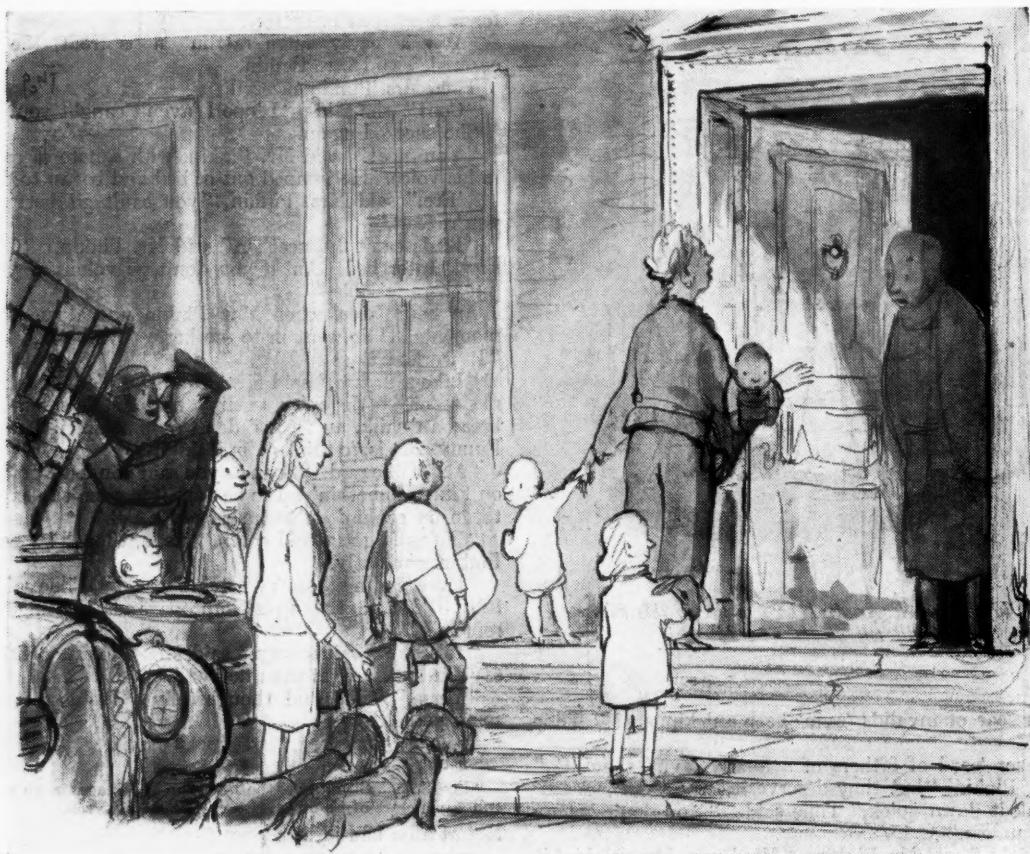
"It's like a fairy-story," said Mrs. Pinkin. "Still, they say truth's stranger than fiction."

"Yerse," Tillie said thoughtfully, "I s'pose it is. To some people."

"For Sale. Situate on the hedge of a Village, in an attractive and quiet part of Essex . . . etc."—*Evening News*.
Not at all a bad idea.



"O.K.—Let's have your Molotov."



"Now, darling, are you quite certain we aren't going to be a nuisance?"

"Denims"

(The Home Guard's denim dress is being replaced by khaki serge.)

ADIEU, thou threadbare boiler-suit of green—
 My denim dress! Alas! you have not been
 (Candour avows it) such a perfect boon
 That I need weep to part from you so soon;
 In short, your fit impels me to confess
 You make me look a very nasty mess.
 Mark how the tunic, scanty at the waist
 Which ripening years with kindly curves have graced,
 Around the chest assumes gigantic girth
 And tempts my family to ribald mirth;
 As for the collar—see the tortoise hide
 A startled head by drawing it inside
 His roomy shell, where he may rest unharmed—
 E'en thus can I take cover when alarmed.
 The nether half of this sartorial jest
 Doubles the part of trousering and vest
 By spreading from the armpits to the heels,
 And in the middle publicly reveals
 Such vast and wrinkled stern as one may mark
 Upon a pachyderm at Regent's Park.

Item, the cap. What cynic must have said
 That the Home Guard is wanting in the
 head?

Perched upon mine, the biggest size in stock
 Looks like a limpet on a largish rock,
 But less secure: ears are the only aid
 To save it from disaster on parade.
 Shall I look less a freak when I emerge
 Clad in my uniform of khaki serge?
 Reason suggests that it may well be so
 And thus I shall not grieve to see you go,
 But idly wonder what your future fate.
 Will you come back next year as "summer
 weight"?

Are you all doomed to lie for evermore
 Lost in some ghostly quartermaster's store?
 Or—happy chance—released to private life
 Far from the noisy Hun's unpleasant strife,
 Maybe they'll ship you to the Southern Seas
 As Sunday suits for aborigines!



COLTURA ROMANA

["I solemnly declare that Italy does not intend to drag other peoples who are her neighbours by sea and by land into the conflict. Let Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Egypt and Greece take note of these words of mine."—From a speech by Signor Mussolini four months ago.]

Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

THIS Fund, which was originally started in order to purchase supplies of raw material and distribute them to Voluntary Working Parties for the Hospitals, has already sent out nearly 30,000 lb. of Knitting Wool, 20,000 yards of Unbleached Calico, and the same amount of Veltex, as well as many other materials of all varieties, to be made up into comforts for the wounded.

It need hardly be said that civilian casualties at the present time caused by enemy action are unhappily numerous, and the operation of our Fund has of course been extended to the provision of medical and surgical supplies for these.

At the same time the approach of winter is causing a renewed demand on behalf of all the Services—especially amongst the men whose duty lies in exposed situations—for Balaclava helmets, gloves, mittens, woollen waistcoats, and the like.

Mr. Punch, in expressing his very sincere gratitude for the generous help already given by subscribers, renews therefore his appeal both for the sake of the Fighting Services and of civilians who have suffered from the ruthless barbarity of the enemy, in the hope that plenty of supplies may be available for all, now, before the severest and coldest weather sets in.

Though we know well that these are days of great financial difficulty, we yet ask you, those who can, to send some donation, large or small, according to your means, to PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Cats

SEVERAL months ago I wrote an article about keeping dogs, and since then I've been waiting—well, not literally waiting, you can always fill the time up somehow—for people to ask me about keeping cats. No one has. This only strengthens a theory I've had all along: *that most people don't know if they've got a cat, and the ones that do don't care.*

What do cats look like? Well, there are two kinds. One is the expensive fluffy kind which you see mostly on shiny postcards with red roses in one corner and birthday greetings in another. The other, the kind most people have, is thinnish, smooth, black, or done up in brownish stripes, with a long, tail and pointed ears and a piece out of one ear where another cat bit it. It is this sort of cat which people don't know they have, and on the whole it's the cat's fault.

This sort of cat makes its first mistake when it decides to live in the kitchen, the kitchen being warmer and nearer the food. But every now and then it walks into the drawing-room when people are having tea. It edges in while the door is open and it makes for a dark corner, where it sits till it wants to sharpen its claws. The only place a cat can sharpen its claws—and no one knows, by the way, *why* a cat should be so keen on sharp claws—is the flat bit at the front of the arm of a sofa or armchair.

Directly the people in the drawing-room hear this claw-sharpening noise—which, like a knife scraping on a plate, is the sort of noise which ought to set people's teeth on edge if it doesn't—everyone looks round and everyone says, "Why, it's a cat!" There is some talk of throwing it out of the front door until whoever has most to do with the kitchen remembers that the cat does belong to the house. One or two people say "Puss! Puss!" but the cat takes no notice. So they go back to what they were talking about

before they heard the cat. Meanwhile the cat has decided to sit on someone's lap. It chooses a good one and crouches down, waiting for what it thinks is the right moment. When it has it, it springs.

Sometimes the person whose lap the cat springs on to *likes* cats. If this is so the cat jumps down and tries someone else. When it has found someone who doesn't, that person shakes it off. So the cat springs on the back of the armchair and from there to the person's neck. When it is shaken off again it goes over and sits by the fire with its back to the company. It sits there for a bit, licking one shoulder, and then it sort of sinks into itself, tucking its front paws under its chest and shutting its eyes.

A cat, in fact, is bad socially. The trouble is that people either loathe cats or are crackers about them, and this seems to get a cat on the wrong foot. The whole thing is a toss-up. Moreover it must bother it to hear people saying how wise and inscrutable it is, sitting all tucked up like that and not saying anything. A cat *can't* say things. But it must bother it even more when it hears the people who don't like cats saying that Lord Roberts didn't either. It is fairly safe to say that no cat knows anything whatever about Lord Roberts except that he was the person who didn't like cats. This must hang over a cat. Between one extreme and another a cat doesn't know where it is. It falls back on the kitchen.

Now about how to keep a cat. This is easy. Many a householder has seen a cat on the kitchen window-sill, has put a saucer of milk down by the stove, has found too late that it is the wrong cat and has been forced to keep this cat in food for days while the *right* cat hangs about on the window-ledge outside, watching the wrong cat having a hamdinger of a time. As long as you feed a cat you can

keep it. Sometimes two householders keep the same cat without realizing it. It's all the same to the cat.

Why do people keep cats? Well, mostly because cats eat mice. The people who have no mice keep cats because cats begin by being kittens, and, as everyone knows, kittens are very pretty animals and very good at playing with cotton-reels. And, by the way, hearing it said so often that a kitten is so much prettier than a cat is another thing which must put a cat off people.

I mentioned about cats being wise and inscrutable. They are inscrutable in a lot of ways. A cat will balance for hours on a narrow shelf or even a fence. It will sit under a table looking at nothing at all, not abstractedly but as if it saw it. It will skulk among flower-beds. If you stop to ask yourself why you think a cat skulks among flower-beds you will probably say that it is looking for birds. But there are no birds in flower-beds, or very, very few, not enough to make it worth while, and the cat must know this.

One thing more about cats; if their owners don't always know they've got them, cats don't always know they've got owners. I once heard—this sounds made up, but it's not—I once heard of a cat that lived in a big block of flats and got lost. Something like a year later—I told you it sounded made up—its owner was passing another flat which had the front door open, and saw the cat sitting in the kitchen. The flats are all alike in the block and the cat had got lost by going for a walk and ending up in what it thought was the right kitchen. When it saw its owner it went back with it to the flat it should have been in all along. I think this more or less proves everything about cats.

Air Raid Over —

THE twelve Hurricanes circle round and round, and we on the ground stand in a little knot

and wait, even as they are waiting, for we know not what.

A woman comes out of "Chatsworth" and says: "Anyone here seen Les?"

"He's out in the van," says the grocer; "went out about ten minutes ago," and then he rather surprisingly places a pair of field-glasses to his eyes. We turn our faces skywards again. Phew! What a sight!

"Well, I hope he's all right,"

says the woman, "I hope he won't come to any harm."

I tuck my Salvage leaflets under my arm.

(Madam, do you keep your pig-food in a separate bin?

It is a sin against the nation not to preserve each bone.)

Suddenly over the house-tops we hear a drone.

Dear Heavens, look at them! A hundred or more!

Wouldn't you say a hundred? I retire to the door

of a china shop. "Hi, Mr. Bates, are they Jerries

or ours?" screams "Sans Souci." "Jerries?"

taunts the grocer, peering through his glasses again.

"Good Lord, no, they're ours—positive." With disdain he smiles, "I'd know ours anywhere."

Immediately the air

is rent by wildest gun-fire. Across the sky

the twelve Hurricanes fly

like angry wasps. There is a lot of noise,

so, with what I hope is poise

I retreat into the china shop rather fast

and am at once cast

into a sort of iron dungeon under the staircase by the proprietress. Her mother is already there, with a Tinies' night-light.

It is very hot and tight,

and I instantly realize we shall not survive,

and that I shall be buried alive.

Therefore I give a tremendously British smirk,

and say "Oh, well, I suppose it's all in the day's work."

Mother clicks her tongue and says "It does seem a shame!"

and I remember I have not put my husband's name on my identity card.

The floor is remarkably hard.

"Kit

will be having a fit

at school," says the proprietress, and gives a heave.

"They have *superb* shelters in *all* the schools, I believe,"

I reply, and very carefully remove some candle-grease from the crease

of my coat-lining.

There is a shrill tormented whining

coming nearer and nearer,

clearer and clearer.

All that is British in me falters and flies,

I put my fingers in my ears and close my eyes.

It is aiming straight for the shop's portal.

We shall not die, we are immortal

(and, please, beside your dust bins

put, *separately*, all your tins).

No, I am not dead, I feel well, and wonderfully clever.

The proprietress remarks appropriately, "Well, I never!"

and crawls out on all-fours.

We rush to the doors

to greet

"Chatsworth" and the others who are scouring the street

for shrapnel. They are oh, so merry.

Yes, it was a Jerry,

fell Fishponds way,

they say.

"Well," I murmur, "thank you so much, I mustn't stop."

I bow to the proprietress of the china shop,

and now that I mysteriously feel such a credit to the nation

I hand her a leaflet on Salvage from the Corporation.

V. G.

Things that Might Have Been Expressed More Tactfully

"He testified to the magnitude of the work that Mr. — had performed, and to his devotion to duty, and said that during the past fifteen years he had spent half a million of the shareholders' money."—*South Coast Paper*.





"No, I haven't been to one since these horrible Talkies came in."

Crossed Currents

IT is only reasonable that those performing odd jobs should be allocated to odd ships. We have therefore no grounds for complaint, and I do not wish to appear to be stating more than a fact when I remark that H.M.S. *Lobster* is a very odd ship indeed.

Her origin is obscure, and her history, before she was given a white ensign and crew—both from part-used stocks—was, to be frank, on the shady side. We can only gather that her different owners during their, presumably, brief periods of liberty preferred to shelter the *Lobster* under a variety of names in waters free from the too embarrassing attentions of police and Lloyd's agents.

But like most ships in the world, she eventually fetched up in a British port, and, just after she did so, the country whose flag she happened to be flying at the time became no longer accessible to shipping. She was taken over by their lordships for special duty, and handed to a Tyne shipyard for arming and refit.

We joined her there, but by the time

we had taken up our war station we had almost forgotten our first impressions and were inclined to think much of the *Lobster*. You see, her special little peculiarity did not reveal itself until the morning when the P.M.O. lodged an uncommon complaint. He looked rather more shaggy than usual at breakfast, and in reply to our pointed solicitations volunteered the excuse that he had been unable to shave more than approximately because, every time he switched on the light over his mirror, his razor—one of those electric things—went off and his radiator came on. We disbelieved him.

The P.M.O. did not press his point. Perhaps he was a little uncertain himself of what he had seen, or probably he was only biding his time. He did not have long to bide.

The Paymaster was the next to suffer, when his chief cook, a highly nervous man, took it ill that he had to plunge the preparing-room into darkness before he could get the ward-room electric toaster to work. Torps, who was fond of toast, mobilized the electrical party to put such a petty

defect to flight. He was a worried man, however, when they reported that both lights and toaster could only be kept on by switching off the main sick-bay fan and turning the ship's company wireless on to the short wave band.

He had hardly time to recover from this blow before other complaints were pouring in. The main exhaust fan in the engine-room, for example, depended in some mysterious way on the lighting of the officers' bathroom, and the telephone from the bridge to the chart-house would not work unless the starboard navigation light was burning.

The electrical party did their best, but the *Lobster's* original wiring system was beyond them. However, by means of a subtly devised course of experiments, Torps was able to draw up a *modus vivendi*. Next to each switch in the ship an explanatory notice was fitted to warn all concerned of the consequences of making or breaking it. The Commissioned Gunner, therefore, much as he likes tea, knows that he cannot plug in his electric kettle without switching on a table-fan by the Captain's bunk. Sleeping captains

have been known to take exception to cold blasts of air, so the Gunner's tea-drinking has been adjusted to the Captain's repose.

A myriad such adjustments have been made throughout the ship. We manage well enough, but there are slight disadvantages. We in the ward-room have the fine edge of enjoyment taken off our weekly cinema show by the thought that to keep the projector going the twelve-inch searchlight must be burning on an arc of not less than 230 and not more than 260 degrees, and that, black-outs being what they are, a frozen party of ordinary seamen has to stand by the canvas cover to ensure that no flicker of light escapes.

Even the stokers, whose collective conscience is not unduly sensitive, must feel a little disturbed to know that for them to be able to listen to their radio-gramophone—to which they are much addicted—we must endure the throaty unbroken growl of the alarm rattlers outside our mess and cabins.

Troublesome as these things are, I wish once more to stress that we do not complain. Matters might be worse. For example, it is a great advantage for me to know definitely that I have only to climb to the bridge and disconnect the compass indicator light to be able to read in bed. Sometimes, in fact, I need not get up at all, for a friendly yeoman on watch may do it for me. As a reciprocal gesture to the communications department, I often press the switch over my desk which starts the motor for their pneumatic tubes. I feel benevolent at the moment. I will do it now. . . .

To judge by the low noise coming from the boatswain's cabin, he is probably in considerable pain. Something has gone wrong. It would appear that the *Lobster* is becoming odder still.

Fragment

. . . Do you recall
In what fierce battles
We engaged that day
Among the river-reeds?

Upon the in-coming tide
You and your brother
Brought the marauding ship,
An ancient and mud-bespattered punt,

While I strove wildly
To defend the creek.

Shall we forget the joy, the thrill
of it?
Rather may we regain that joy, that
thrill,
If Hitler's legions come . . .

A. W. B.



We have heard with deep regret that Mr. C. Turley Smith, long a contributor to our Booking-Office, has just died at Cury. He first wrote for *Punch* in 1903, and since then his contributions have been regular until recently, when he became seriously ill. His book reviews were amusing and informative and our readers will miss his pleasant guidance in the world of detective fiction.

"Your 'ouse was bombed last week, Bo'sun."

"'Tain't my 'ouse, I'm only a sub-tenant under the Tenant-in-Chief."

At the Revue

"DIVERSION" (WYNDHAM'S)

Diversion, as now advertised upon our roads, means a spot of bother in the strictly topographical sense. The nuisance is temporary. *Diversion* of this kind is a movable feast. The *Diversion* at Wyndham's, "devised and supervised" by Mr. HERBERT FARJEON, with music by Mr. WALTER LEIGH, will bother nobody and will not, we hope, be of a transient kind. Indeed we can wish the London theatre many such happy, gallant and enduring returns.

Diversion is described as "a mixture," and to some extent it is the mixture as before. For instance, you may have met Miss JOYCE GRENFELL's exquisite trio of mothers, but you will also have the pleasure of a fresh introduction. Meet as soon as may be (*Diversion* diverts every afternoon at 2.15) Miss GRENFELL's notion of a lady-like canteeneeress, of the kind who treat all their helpers as oxen while most coaxingly addressing them as lambs. Nobody could more deliciously suggest that leaving all the work to others is the noblest form of self-sacrifice. Miss GRENFELL, waiving to her inferiors the right of cutting a sandwich, is a very angel of abnegation. Those who in their war-time labours have met this lady who so constantly retires will rejoice to see her extricated and put on the spot by Miss GRENFELL's perfection of cartoon.

If you have been a devotee of the Players' Club and its *Late Joys* (present address in Albemarle Street, where they unquenchably continue in the evenings) you will know of Miss JOAN STERN-DALE BENNETT, who can sing very tartly of milky puddings, and, if you are not of that fellowship, you will be the more inclined to join up, not only by the dash of this comedienne but by the devastating burlesque of the elderly Continental soprano offered by Mr. PETER USTINOV. This was one of the top achievements of the Players', and it now receives the larger audience which it deserves. It contains everything that a young man ought not to know about a horrid old lady. But the sketch is not acid

only: it has a kind of engaging affection and is fundamentally a compassionate cartoon. Mr. USTINOV is a very young man and is going, I fancy, to be a very important actor. By attending *Diversion* you will be

as well as plain, and knew all about him.

Other diverters include Miss IRENE EISINGER, of whose lively and lovely singing no more need be said; Mr. GEORGE BENSON, who produces and compères and is funny too; and Miss DOROTHY DICKSON, whose satire on modish sob-songs should give the final "bird" to the Berkeley Square nightingales. Miss DICKSON also dances very elegantly and amusingly with Mr. WALTER CRISHAM, who has a smart turn of his own as well. Then there are the *Aspidistras* (Miss ELSIE FRENCH and Mr. JOHN MOTT, with Mr. CORNELIUS FISHER at the piano), whose Victorian balladry with period graces provides some capital specimens of the departmental ditty. The very genius of a genteel drawing-room is in their every move and note. Warbling and ogling were never more winsomely combined.

Miss EDITH EVANS sweeps beaming in to speak Prologue and Epilogue, trailing a wisp or two, if not all the clouds, of *Millamant* and *Rosalind* and *Lady Utterword*, and all the great gay people she has been upon our stage—and will again become. She puts on glasses now for our pleasure and reads from the poets.

I was especially glad that she took Mr. RALPH HODGSON's "The Bull" by its honourable Edwardian horns and gave us all the noble pity and the flashing jungle vision of that piece. I live in continual rage with Mr. HODGSON because he stopped so soon from writing, but the anger is even more extreme against the people who forget all about him in their anthologies and

commentaries on the Modern Muse. Of course if you hold the opinion that poetry ought to be a blather of meaningless and hideous noises, Mr. HODGSON is "out," as they say, and "The Bull" is a bore. But those sufficiently antiquated to like rhyme and reason and lucid loveliness will discover, from the compassion which Miss EVANS pours upon the lines, that here is poetry even more puissant than they knew.

So *Diversion* lingers awhile on a peak of Parnassus, but mostly it capers on the foothills, as it should, like a genial Bacchante, economically gay, and inciting persuasively to the packing up of troubles in the Charing Cross Road. I. B.



"We always knew war was silly. Now we know!"

MISS EDITH EVANS

able to say later on that you spotted him at once as the coming man and knew all about him before anybody else, like all the folk who once saw Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON, young



IN THE GOOD OLD (OTHERWISE) PEACEFUL DAYS

THE ASPIDISTRAS



"Never mind, Mum, it's killed a mint of slugs and snails—and the rubbish will fill up the creeater."

The Gardener Exile (1940)

IT is my garden's humbler scents I miss—
Scents which recall
Great days of willing toil
By open border and by sheltered wall,
Wet muddy boots and hands begrimed with
soil.

Those humbler scents . . . of spade-bruised
roots
(Tough whin and stubborn yew),
Of sun-warmed fruits,
Or parsley wet with dew,

Crushed poppy-heads,
And piles of summer weeds by fresh-hoed beds,
Lichen that clings to apple trees,
And baskets deep in lettuces and peas.

Yet most of all those humbler scents I miss
The friendly fragrant smell
That used to dwell
Within the old thatched potting-shed—
Of straw and twine,
Leaf-mould
And turpentine.

G. C. N.



"I want to see the Manager about that torch you sold me."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Where East Meets West

MR WALTER BUCHLER's romance of a quartet of Japanese lovers is an unusually pretty example of Eastern material under Western manipulation. *Hirayama Takes a Chance* (USEFUL PUBLICATIONS, 7/6) portrays a business girl who longs for a husband and the betrothed daughter of an old-fashioned house who yearns for a career. *Hirayama*, the train-attendant, has cast her attractive eyes on *Matsui's* fiancé, *Tanaka*; *Tanaka*, though destined for submission to an arranged marriage, has his own notions of escape; *Matsui* herself craves for emancipation; and *Tsuruya*, her rickshaw-man, whose low life has a lofty past behind it, feels bound to keep a lover's watch over *Matsui*. The complicated sentiments of the young are scrutinized, thwarted or fomented not only by their parents and employers but by a benevolent professional matchmaker and the kindly mistress of a tea-house, his colleague in affairs of the heart. Their world of Osaka and Kobe, with its conflict of ancient and modern to be resolved in every domestic and business problem, is vividly charted; and skilful steering not only sees the lovers into their predestined havens but allots a proportionate contentment to their elderly but sympathetic fellow-passengers.

How to Accommodate the Fishes

When it comes to the fish course, England, even more than France, is given to a mill-round of *recettes banales* which the best chefs of both countries do their unavailing best to

mitigate. Mr. AMBROSE HEATH has more than one good volume of fish-lore to his credit; and his latest has been specially prepared for war-time conditions when fish must occasionally replace meat altogether, although cream, wine and other delightful adjuncts and disguises are lacking. Yet adjuncts and disguises are only too necessary to camouflage some of the marine monsters now figuring on the fishmongers' slabs; and these monsters, and the cheapest of their better-known fellows, take their economical places here, cheek by jowl with salmon, sole and scallop. There are twenty-six recipes for the ubiquitous cod, enterprise and lack of butter dictating several olive-oil variants. (One wonders why the easier of these—Provençal and Italian—should yield to more elaborate Creole modes.) Many of Mr. HEATH's *Good Fish Dishes* (FABER AND FABER, 3/6) can, however, be adapted to circumstances; and neither the housewife who invests in his book nor the men-folk who might diplomatically give it her will ever regret their purchase.

Towards a New Beginning

Mr. T. R. FYVEL declares that the inarticulate masses of Western Europe still know that democracy, with all its faults, guards the same precious freedom for which their fathers fought. Mr. FYVEL is an Austrian Jew, now for many years a lover of England, who through much hard labour has come to believe that the British Empire and America together must lead the world back to sanity and



"She says there's a time-bomb in the ninepennies, but plenty of shillings and one-and-threes."

frame a better order for mankind. It is a conclusion towards which most of us by devious routes are travelling. In *The Malady and the Vision* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 10/6) there is much searching of spirit, much clear thinking, a little unjustified criticism—particularly in regard to India—and quite a lot of well-deserved reproof. The writer sees the war as a great religious struggle for the soul of man, cutting increasingly across national divisions and involving the peoples of Asia and Africa perhaps even more deeply than those of Europe. That the Nazis, oppressed by subconscious guilt, are perpetually driven to ascribe their own evil qualities to their opponents is no less significant to him than the slow awakening here of a broader imperialism founded on renewed acceptance of world responsibility. The foundations of our discontents are being probed as never before. This study, though all too heavily shadowed, is profound, mordant, analytic, and at the same time constructive. It will rank high in the literature of the new genesis.

The Eye Off the Ball

Mr. BERNARD DARWIN seems to occupy a unique position. As everybody knows, he is the golf correspondent of *The Times*, but it would be quite incorrect to say that all who read his articles wish to know his views on golf. Even those who can refrain almost indefinitely from reading about golf can find in any article of his something—perhaps just a turn of expression, but more probably a fresh conception of familiar affairs—which will make it worth reading. As he says, he tries "to spread the golfing butter as thinly as may be on the more general bread." His book of reminiscences, *Life is Sweet, Brother* (COLLINS, 12/6), has precisely these happy qualities. There is certainly no lack of golf, and it includes examples of his superb gift for describing the game, but there are many parts of it with which golf has nothing to do. Not the least attractive are the chapters dealing with his childhood. It might have been a handicap to have a grandfather wrapped up in the origin of species, but as a set-off there was a great-uncle who didn't "give a damn for the whole kingdom of nature," and many delightful uncles and aunts. One uncle knew all about heraldry and soldiers' uniforms; another could stand on the nursery table and with perfect accuracy hit a plate on the floor with the stream from a spoonful of treacle. Among the other "more general" chapters is one which to some readers may appear as a surprise. It reveals an almost shocking relish for a good murder story as told verbatim in the courts—

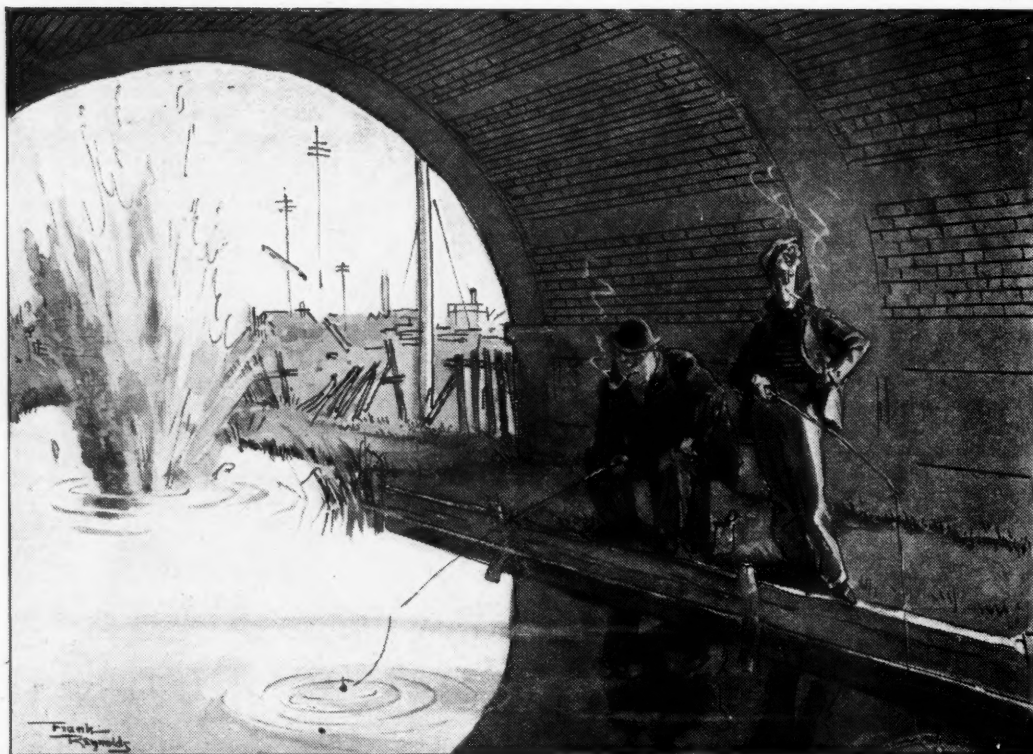


WITH THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS

N.C.O. "DON'T YER KNOW YER OWN BLOOMIN' NUMBER YET?"
Chinaman (proudly). "ONE—SEVEN—SIX."

Charles Grave, November 6th, 1918

an appreciation of the real thing as opposed to fiction. One may apply to this engaging author the remark which he himself applies to *Squire Osbaldistone*: "I defy anyone to read his book and not be fond of him."



"Blimey, Alf—more grabnd bait!"

Home Guard Goings-On

Autumn Manœuvres—II

THE day of our Tactical Exercise dawned crisp and bright (we had this on the authority of little Mr. King, who sees the dawn all the year round, even in civil life), and at nine o'clock, encouraged by the anxious good wishes of our wives—for how could they know what ordeals lay ahead of us?—and fortified by hearty breakfasts—for who could tell when we should eat again?—we assembled at H.Q., our grimness tempered with gaiety, and our greatcoats buttoned up to our ears.

The weather came in for appreciative comment on all sides. (We felt that if our Sunday must be spent in hurling bags of sawdust at darkly symbolical motor-cars, then the finer the Sunday the less we should mind. This feeling was especially marked amongst those whose coming duties lay in roadside ditches likely to prove ready receptacles for rainwater.) There was only one

voice which was not raised in acclamation of the cloudless heavens and the genial sun—that of our Section Leader.

It appeared that the visiting (or invading) officers—at first rumoured to be generals at least, but now expected to be merely colonels (ret'd.)—had chosen to test our defences on the day of the Autumn Golf Meeting at Boskington, and although our Section Leader had sacrificed this, the best day's golf of the year, in that spirit of duty which has made the Home Guard what it is, it was plain that the fresh beauty of the morning was adding to his pangs of martyrdom. The least that a compensating Providence could have done for him, he gave us to understand, would have been a leaden sky, a biting East wind, and (if it could possibly have been managed) a fine penetrating drizzle. In such conditions he would have felt more like putting his whole heart into the

Tactical Exercise; as it was, it would be mere routine, executed competently but without any genuine zest.

We patted him sympathetically on the sleeve, murmuring gravely about the far-reaching bitternesses of war, and he squared his shoulders and ordered us into our cars and on to our bicycles, pointing an arm in the direction of our destination with a gesture which would have done credit to a Field-Marshal being photographed for *The Illustrated London News*.

There was an air of quiet confidence about us when we gathered at the cross-roads twenty minutes later, due in the main to our rehearsal of the previous afternoon. We knew our ground; we knew, if not every leaf and twig, at any rate every bush and tree; we felt a passing twinge of pity for the other Sections who had dozed by the fireside after their Saturday luncheons instead of spying out the

country. Another stimulating factor was the sense of authority given us by our uniforms. Yesterday, popping up out of hedges in dirty mackintoshes and stained felt hats, we had sometimes felt a little uncomfortable to find ourselves staring passers-by full in the face, and had wondered whether it would occur to them to return with an inquisitive policeman. But in khaki it was different; the Army Council was behind us; we were entitled, should the necessity arise, to walk into people's houses and demand to use the telephone. There was a tendency to adopt a mild swagger as we formed an attentive group to receive our final instructions.

Our success, as we knew, depended upon our communications, and these in turn depended upon the two handkerchiefs which each member of the Section had been ordered to bring in his greatcoat pockets—one white handkerchief and one red one. Mr. Benn the

butcher was the key-man. From his advance post behind a gorse-bush he would be the first to sight the invading force, and would wave his white handkerchief for every motor-car bearing a white flag (and representing eight enemy tanks), and his red handkerchief for every motor-car bearing a red flag (and representing twenty-five enemy motor-cyclists). It was as simple as that. Mr. Benn was to wave to Mr. Tucker across the road, Mr. Tucker to little Mr. King in his ditch, Mr. King to Mr. Curtis in his tree, Mr. Curtis to me behind my hedge, and I was to wave to Mr. Punnett behind his telegraph-post—and so on.

In the event of a man bearing a white flag emerging from a motor-car and leaving the road, our orders were to make ourselves scarce without delay, for this apparent seeker of a truce would in fact represent a roving enemy tank, belching flame and indulging in other nastinesses as it nosed out our

hiding-places. As to the actual destruction of the invaders, we were to use our bags of sawdust with discretion. If the tanks led the onslaught they must be left unmolested, not because of any misgivings about our marksmanship or our ammunition, but because their supporting motor-cyclists, observing the havoc mysteriously wrought upon the tanks, would undoubtedly rake our leafy retreats with withering machine-gun-fire. We were primarily an observing body, our Section Leader reminded us frankly, and not really warriors at all; it was up to us to hit without being hit back, or not to hit at all, in this way preserving ourselves for further manoeuvres and gaining high marks for strategy from (our friends) the enemy.

So we presently melted away into the autumn tints, whispering earnestly to ourselves, "White for tanks, red for motor-bikes, and let the white ones pass." And as we melted we looked at



"Maybe it AIN'T no good for 'Itler's invasion plans—maybe it ain't no good for me crab-pots, neither!"

our watches. It was almost half-past nine. Zero hour was upon us.

Speaking for myself, I may say that I was uneasy; and the subsequent comparing of notes in "The George and Dragon" showed a similar nervousness amongst us all. As I hung my haversackful of sawdust bombs on the laurel-bush which formed my main cover, and made sure that a white handkerchief was easily accessible in my right pocket and a red one in my left, I was strung up to such a pitch of anticipation that I started violently when a hand tapped my shoulder and a voice inquired what I supposed I was doing hiding behind the owner's hedge.

"Sh-h-h!" I said when I had recovered my nerve. My eyes were glued on the tree from which Mr. Curtis the bank-manager might wave to me at any second.

"If you're waiting for a young woman," said the householder, whose wife had evidently forgotten to mention the territorial concession granted to us yesterday—"might I ask why you can't wait in the road?"

At that instant there was a flicker of white in Mr. Curtis's tree—and another—and another. Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—Great Scott! the entire German Army—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen . . .

Waving steadily in the direction of Mr. Punnitt's telegraph-post I was conscious that the householder was pressing his rights doggedly.

" . . . some of you soldiers . . ." he was saying, but the flattery left me unmoved.

"Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three," I muttered, waving tirelessly.

"Twenty-three what?" asked the

householder, interested in spite of himself.

"German tanks," I hissed—"coming up the road!"

There was a crackling of twigs and I was alone.

When I had passed on Mr. Curtis's twenty-fifth tank I lowered an aching arm and prepared to watch the invaders go by. "Let the white ones pass," I reminded myself. And no sooner had I done so than it occurred to me that tanks should only be allowed to pass if a force of vindictive motor-cyclists supported them. In this case there had been no red signal. Surely, then—?

I groped blindly at my haversack, but even as I took out a bag of sawdust and saw by its colour that it was a Mills and not a Molotoff bomb a fluttering scarlet pennant flashed past the gap in my laurel-bush. A red flag! Red! What had happened? Where were all those tanks? I waited for the tanks. The minutes ticked by. No tanks came. Presently I heard a distant whistle. The manœuvres were over.

"But you signalled twenty-five tanks, Mr. Benn!" Mr. Tucker's voice floated thinly towards me.

"That I didn't!" retorted Mr. Benn, "I signalled motor-bikes, with my white flag!"

"But it had a red flag, the car did!" protested little Mr. King, breathless from his scramble out of the ditch.

"My red flag, I mean," Mr. Benn corrected himself grudgingly. "It was in my left-hand pocket, and I signalled twenty-five tanks—"

"Motor-bikes," panted Mr. King.

"I mean motor-bikes," said Mr. Benn.

"But I understood," said the voice

of Mr. Curtis, "only *one* wave for each vehicle. Twenty-five twenty-fives, you see, would mean . . ."

The discussion clattered past me, and when I crept into the road, my ammunition still intact, I could see our Section Leader in conference with the enemy in the distance. By the time I reached the group, Mr. Benn, Mr. Tucker, Mr. King and Mr. Curtis had joined it, still arguing in undertones on the subject of white and red handkerchiefs, tanks and motor-cycles. The small car with the red pennant contained two civilians in characterful tweeds, though their moustaches betrayed them for what they were. There was sawdust on the bonnet.

"Well," the man at the wheel was saying, "I think that's all; except of course you realize that you blew yourself up when you threw the bomb from your tree?"

"I—er—it was a mistake, actually," said our Section Leader, controlling himself well—"I only dropped it. I was trying to see into the road when you—"

"Quite so," said the man at the wheel, shifting a bag of golf-clubs out of the way of his hand-brake. "Well, I've got to get through the rest of your platoon and be at Boskington Club by ten o'clock, so . . ."

And waving to us briefly he drove smoothly away.

Perhaps it was understandable that our Section Leader did not notice that Mr. Benn, a look of remorseful bewilderment on his honest face, was studying the two off-white handkerchiefs he had drawn absently from his greatcoat pockets.



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